Suppoſing, for a moment, that the ſoul is not immortal, and that man was only created for the preſent ſcene,—I think we ſhould have reaſon to complain that love, infantine fondneſs, ever grew inſipid and palled upon the ſenſe. Let us eat, drink, and love, for to-morrow we die, would be, in fact, the language of reaſon, the morality of life; and who but a fool would part with a reality for a fleeting ſhadow? But, if awed by obſerving the improvable powers of the mind, we diſdain to confine our wiſhes or thoughts to ſuch a comparatively mean field of action; that only appears grand and important, as it is connected with a boundleſs proſpect and ſublime hopes, what neceſſity is there for falſehood in conduct, and why muſt the ſacred majeſty of truth be violated to detain a deceitful good that ſaps the very foundation of virtue? Why muſt the female mind be tainted by coquetiſh arts to gratify the ſenſualiſt, and prevent love from ſubſiding into friendſhip, or compaſſionate tenderneſs, when there are not qualities on which friendſhip can be built? Let the honeſt heart ſhew itſelf, and *reaſon* teach paſſion to ſubmit to neceſſity; or, let the

the dignified purſuit of virtue and knowledge raiſe the mind above thoſe emotions which rather imbitter than ſweeten the cup of life, when they are not reſtrained within due bounds.

I do not mean to allude to the romantic paſſion, which is the concomitant of genius.—Who can clip its wing? But that grand paſſion not proportioned to the puny enjoyments of life, is only true to the ſentiment, and feeds on itſelf. The paſſions which have been celebrated for their durability have always been unfortunate. They have acquired ſtrength by abſence and conſtitutional melancholy.—The fancy has hovered round a form of beauty dimly ſeen—but familiarity might have turned admiration into diſguſt; or, at leaſt, into indifference, and allowed the imagination leiſure to ſtart freſh game. With perfect propriety, according to this view of things, does Rouſſeau make the miſtreſs of his ſoul, Eloiſa, love St. Preux, when life was fading before her; but this is no proof of the immortality of the paſſion.

Of the ſame complexion is Dr. Gregory's advice reſpecting delicacy of ſentiment, which he adviſes a woman not to acquire, if ſhe has determined to marry. This determination, however,